

THE SHROUD

Anonymous

The shroud was nowhere near the corpse of little Jane Jones.
It enveloped us as we sat in somber silence, trying to remember how
Jane talked or

laughed or
cried or
lived.

We couldn't remember, though, and so Jane died again.
She wasn't Jane or Janie or "honey" or friend—
She was a name on a stone lost among other names on stones.

So we cried—not for Jane or Janie or a little girl, but for
Death (and ourselves).

